

Crowd mills in front of Daughtery home, waiting for "unusual happenings."

Virginian-Pilot Photos by Abouillie

Cup, Vase And Hair All in Air

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The room was empty. Mrs. Bivens fled the house.

There had been seven people present. They were all in my full view when the cup crashed on the floor. I felt my hair stand on end.

Then I saw an empty tobacco can fly toward me from the buffet that started the day's round of events. It was in the air when I saw it. It crashed and rolled to the floor at my feet.

This was at 5:25 p.m. Saturday.

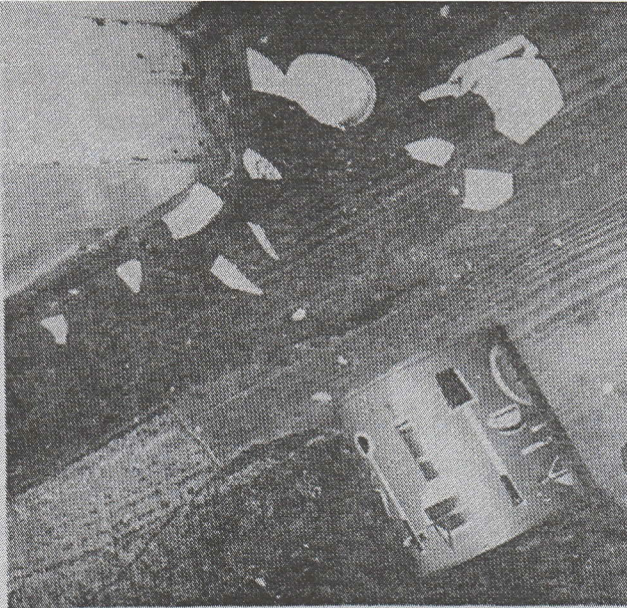
Mrs. Daughtery almost 100 years old said "I'm not nervous and I'm not afraid of it. I don't know what ghosts are or what haunted houses are."

A few minutes later she was in a car headed for a daughter's home. She put on a pretty hat and took a bundle of belongings and left. "I'll be back tomorrow," she told me "I'll see you at the same time. I don't know what causes it but I'm not afraid."

She had told me earlier how the whole mysterious business began Thursday about 4 p.m.

"A little horse vase sitting on a sewing machine in the hallway fell on the floor three or four times. I said to my great-grandson to take it and set it outside."

Mrs. Daughtery said a bottle of hair lotion sailed through the



Rolling can and broken cup greeted newsmen.

air and struck her in the back of the head.

Police were keeping mum about the entire matter. They have been on the scene each night to control the crowds and firemen have been stationed in the area for hose duty in case of a riot.

In the meantime, the neighbors are growing hoarse shouting at curiosity seekers to keep off their flowers and lawns. Police are impatient with crowds. Newsmen are confused. Mrs. Daughtery and her family are praying.

They don't believe in ghosts. At least, they didn't believe in them Thursday.